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THE COLLEGE RIVALS; OR, THE BELLE OF PROVIDENCE.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER.

Romance of a Ruby Ring," "Mabel Vane," "The Masked Miner."

Author of "\$50,000 Reward. A

Stephen Smith's Love-Scape.

On the night after the great ball in honor of Madeline Fleming's birthday, Fenton Thorne and Stephen Smith, his chum, sat late in their cosy room, twenty-four, University Hall.

Study hours had passed—that is to say, the young men had turned resolutely away from the table, whereon lay piles of books, memoranda of algebraic calculations, torn envelopes, etc. The bright lamp, its rays now free to beam whithersoever they would, the shade being removed—shone cheerily around the room.

It was certainly very comfortable in old "Twenty-four, U. H." however bleak and raw wailed the winds without.

Fenton Thorne's face wore a disturbed, uneasy expression, as if his mind had been grappling with some knotty question, and that the question had gotten the better of the mind.

Stephen Smith sat quietly by, apparently unconcerned, his long legs raised high above his head, his slippers feet resting on the edge of the mantel. The Kentuckian was lazily puffing away at a genuine "Powhatan," with a reed-wood stem, then, as now, a luxury. But, as the good fellow watched the curling festoons of blue smoke, floating above his head, it was easy to see that he was not exactly easy in mind.

The friends had been earnestly conversing, and now, in the lull which ensued, they were blinking.

"Come, Fent, my boy, draw up by the stove; 'tis a stinging night outside; and these old sashes are not as tight as they might be."

Fenton drew his chair nearer, but spoke not a word. The young Kentuckian glanced around at him.

"Come, come, Fent, rouse yourself!"

"I am not asleep, Steve."

"You had as well be! But, come, don't let those matters disturb you, though there's no denying you have acted a little queer, a little *outre*, you know, my boy, and Myra Hoxley must think hard of you."

"I don't care a snap of my finger for her, Steve!"

"That's a step too far, my friend. You should respect her. Whatever Myra Hoxley may be, she is a woman, and occupies the position of a lady. Besides that, she and her father have been kind to you. Many a good dinner you have eaten at their table."

Stephen Smith spoke quietly and seriously.

"Pshaw, Steve! How irrational and silly you talk!" exclaimed Fenton Thorne, somewhat vexatiously.

"Shades of Euclid! I irrational and silly! And you a *freshy*, Fent! By Jove, that's icy, ay, Arctic!" and the Kentuckian laughed low and good-naturedly.

"Pardon me, Steve; I did not mean to be rude, for—"

"I know it, my boy, I know it. I liked you, Fenton Thorne, from the day I first laid eyes on you. To save you from college tricks and annoyances I took you in with me. And, and, Fent, your face was good, and I wanted you for a friend."

The last words were spoken in a low, soft tone, as the Junior looked kindly upon his chum.

"Yes, yes, Steve, my good old fellow, and you *know* I love you," and the young man drew closer to his friend's side.

"I believe it, Fent, and that's enough for me. But," and he looked straight at the other, "you did wrong last night in slighting Myra Hoxley. I tried to warn you."

"Try me, Steve," was the quick reply.

"Well, Fent, I once had a love-scape, myself."

The Kentuckian spoke very calmly and carelessly at the blue smoke curled around his head.

"You, Steve! Why you never told me this before?"

"I had no occasion to do so, and why should I tell you?"

"Because I trust you with all my secrets—every thing!"

"No you don't," said the Junior.

"At all events then, Steve, I try to do so," said Fenton, looking down.

"Keep on trying, Fent, and you will tell me—much more."

Fenton Thorne covertly turned his gaze on his friend's face and scinned it hurriedly, though closely. But Stephen Smith's swarthy visage was calm and innocent, and he was still watching the last feathering ring of smoke that circled above him.

"Well, tell me all about it, Steve; I want to hear every thing you know. I never dreamed of such a thing! Go on, old fellow; 'tis just half-past ten, and I could sit up all night to hear your love-scaping."

"Could you, indeed? However, it takes but a few moments, and after all it may not interest you. Nevertheless, in view of certain circumstances, I thought I would tell you."

"Go on, good old Steve, and don't tantalize a fellow so!"

"All right. Listen, Fenton; but you are quite sure you would like to hear of this confounded love-scape of mine?"

"Of course, Steve; I am dying to hear it."

"Exactly. Well, one year ago, on my return to Providence after vacation, I became acquainted with a bewitching young creature, just sixteen—and a blonde. On! those soft blue eyes!"

"Yes, Steve; your taste was good. Making eyes are blue, too."

"Exactly, Fent; but don't interrupt me; I am getting sleepy. Well, I fell in love with this fairy, just as you have fallen in love. Ah! I was in love—then! At every opportunity, in and out of place, I waited on the girl. I neglected my studies, just as you are going to do, wrote poetry—the veriest trash! Oh! the fool that I was, and you'll be the same before you're cured. And finally—yes—I she only sixteen, you know—I proposed!"

"Yes, Steve; and what then?" and Fenton leaned over, anxiously, to get the answer.

"What then? Enough, truly, for me; for, thank my stars, I was restored once more to my senses, and managed by a late industry to remain in college."

"But, Steve, what are you talking about? Of course the girl said yes, and requested you to wait till you had graduated?"

Stephen Smith bent his head and pondered.

"Dear, dear, Steve!" and the youth crept

ed for a moment. Then looking up, he said, very quietly:

"If my memory serves me aright, the maiden answered, very distinctly, 'no.'"

"Oh! what a pity! what a pity!"

"You can not mean it, Fent?" and a bright smile flashed over the Kentuckian's dusky visage.

"I do! The girl treated you meanly! She did not know you. But, Steve, he name?"

"You have seen her?"

"Well, well, trust me a little further; her name, Steve, her name?"

"MADELINE FLEMING."

Stephen Smith still smoked on, and watched the blue rings floating above him.

CHAPTER VI.

CONSPIRACY.

MYRA HOXLEY, by some enthusiastic admirers called the belle of Providence, was the only child of old Welcome Hoxley, the owner of one of the largest cotton-mills in the neighboring suburb of Olneyville.

Myra was very highly educated, having received her tuition at a celebrated seminary on College street, just a stone's throw from the university on the hill. She had just graduated, being only eighteen years old.

Fenton Thorne, the Freshman, was about nineteen years of age. The young man had entered college only two and a half months prior to his introduction to the reader.

When the young man first came to college, he bore letters from his father to old Mr. Hoxley, the manufacturer; hence his intimacy with the family on Prospect street.

Madeleine Fleming, like Myra Hoxley, was motherless; but she was blessed in having such a father as old Arthur Fleming, the retired tea-merchant.

There was no cordiality between Welcome Hoxley and Arthur Fleming, perhaps not the slightest good-will, though their daughters were, seemingly, intimate and affectionate.

Of Stephen Smith and Ralph Ross the reader will learn more if he continue to the end of this various life history.

Welcome Hoxley, the manufacturer, walked in an excited manner, up and down the limits of his elegant sitting-room. It was early evening. The gas had just been lighted, and tea had but now been served.

Myra, as usual in an elegant evening dress, sat near a sewing-table. She was leaning one elbow on the table, gazing abstractedly at the light needlework before her. Occasionally she chewed viciously at her lip, while a scowl wrinkled her narrow, white forehead.

"Confound the boy! He was rude and insolting!" exclaimed the old man, suddenly pausing and flinging himself into a large velvet-cushioned chair. "To be taken by the baby-face of Madeleine Fleming! Fleming! Bah! I hate the name. I only regret, Myra, that I allowed you to attend the ball at this old Sir Absolute Everybody's house."

"I, too, father; then Fenton had not seen this siren."

"Siren! By Jove, you speak truly! She is a siren, or a witch! But, then, Fenton, the booby! I thought he loved you?"

"I do not know, father; I thought the same. But Fenton Thorne is no booby."

"Ah, indeed? Then he is a rascal; you can choose for yourself! I tell you, Myra, this affair, this love-scape between these two young fools shall go no further; I have good reasons that it should stop now—at once!"

"I say, amen, father."

"Do you love this boy faithfully, Myra?

Do you love Fenton Thorne at all?" suddenly asked the old man, looking straight at his daughter.

But the girl did not reply at once. A slight crimsoning tinge flashed for a moment over her marble face, and then she answered:

"Yes, father; I love Fenton Thorne."

The words were calm and earnest.

"Do you love him, solely for himself? Of course, my daughter, you know that old Thorne is a very Crescens?"

"I know it, father, and I love Fenton Thorne, first for his expected gold, second, in less degree, to cheat others, and for himself."

"Ah!" ejaculated the old man, with a self-satisfied chuckle, "that's right, Myra, that's right! Always have an eye open to the main chance. And, my daughter," here his voice sunk very low, "we must secure your aims, must arrange things, so that there can be no failure. I will aid you. This princely fortune must not be allowed to slip away from you; for I—I need an alliance, just such a one as Fenton Thorne and his thousands would make. Let us see that no one can approach us unawares, and then, Myra, we will have a little confidential talk."

"Yes, father."

The old man arose, and going to the door, opened it and looked out into the hall. Then he closed the door, turned the key in the lock, and came back, drawing his chair, at the same time, close to Myra, who still sat by the table.

"The impudent fellow!" exclaimed Myra, bitterly.

"Who was it, my daughter?"

"Fenton Thorne, the Freshman," was the laconic reply.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WAGER OF BATTLE.

Two days after the eventful ball, and the morning after the occurrences, as related in the foregoing chapter, Fenton Thorne sat in his room in college. He had just returned from chapel exercises, and was waiting now for the bell, to summon him to the recitation room.

Stephen Smith was striding vigorously up and down the chamber, book in hand, and making a worthy effort to conquer his lesson.

As usual, Stephen had postponed studying until the last moment.

The Kentuckian was not in good humor, for he had already missed more recitations than was exactly compatible with an honorable standing in his class.

At length he stopped and cast the text book, most emphatically, upon the table.

"There! Lay there! will you? I'll not

get the headache by cramming into the said head what it can not receive, and what it does not more than half believe!"

"Haigho! What's the matter, Steve?" asked Fenton, glancing around.

"Why, I don't know this stupid lesson, and you are aware, that the old doctor never forgets me!"

"Cut the recitation, Steve," said the Freshman, suggestively.

"No, I thank you, not to-day! This is my last chance, and my 'list' is just *minus* one of notifying our respected 'Governor' of his hopeful's collegiate delinquencies. Thanks to the dog-star, for you and I were both born under it, old 'Cax' found us out as I expected, on the night of the ball. Hence my full list. The snow-storm and *Mynn Hox-Halo!*" he exclaimed, as the door was suddenly opened, and a letter flung in.

"Tis for you, Fent, a dropped letter, too," said Stephen, casting the sealed missive toward his friend.

The Freshman took the letter and glanced inquiringly at the strange superscription. Then, tearing open the envelope, he spread out the folded sheet, and began to read.

At first, his face crimsoned over; then a deadly pallor passed over it, as he read on; he bit his lip furiously.

Really, it required but a moment to read that note; for however weighty the contents, they were briefly given.

"Tis nothing serious—no dispatch," I hope, Fent?" and the Kentuckian looked anxiously at his friend.

"Not exactly serious, Steve, but certainly very annoying. Read the letter yourself," and he handed the half-crushed missive over to his friend.

Stephen Smith took it, and without ado read as follows:

"FENTON THORNE, Freshman:

I do not generally waste my time on puppies, or dirty my boots by kicking a Freshman; but I take this (as the most convenient) means, to notify you, that unless you make ample apology to me, I dictate that apology—for the insults you have flung at Miss Myra Hoxley, by six P. M. this day, I shall be necessitated to trouble myself to the extent of administering to you a thrashing; all, or before the time mentioned above. A word to the wise, you know. Think a little and wisely, and be grateful for this advice; else expect to hear soon and disagreeably from,

Yours patronizingly,
RALPH ROSS."

"The o'n!" exclaimed Fenton, his face purple with passion; "if he dare lay a finger on me, I'll—"

"Yes, I know you will, Fent; but he must not lay a finger on you. Take my counsel, and do not notice this tally. Should it be necessary, I can take your part in this little affair. But, you shall make no apology, that's certain. Though I—Hello! there goes the bell, and I know not ten lines in the lesson!"

The next moment, the Kentuckian, with an air of reckless determination, left the room and bent his way toward the recitation-hall.

"Show me the elephant, eh, as we say in New York?"

"Elephant? Blazes!" responded Joe, emphatically; "we ain't got no elephant here; it's a grizzly bear, claws an' all."

We proceeded to a hotel, kept by an intimate friend, as he assured me. It was a small two-story frame shanty, dignified by the title of "Metropolitan Hotel." The board was only three dollars per day—when Joe assured me was really dirt-cheap—and the food was awful, or, as Joe expressed it in his honest way, "the peck was tough."

The landlord of the "Metropolitan" was a big, burly fellow, whom his guests familiarly addressed as Bill Jones.

Mr. Jones received us with a welcome that plainly showed that he held Mr. Joe Sparks in high esteem.

"Let's dicker, gentlemen!" was about his first salutation. I had already noticed that, in the mining region, to be able to drink whisky well, was an accomplishment held in high regard. Now, as I had entirely sworn off from the use of the dangerous fluid, it placed me in a peculiar predicament, for to refuse, to drink with a man in the Far West is almost the same as to offer him a direct insult; but in this dilemma, I had happily compromised the matter by drinking ale—ha!, in my view, of the subject, not containing spirits enough, to violate my oath.

Six o'clock came, then half-past six. Stephen and Fenton were in their room, arranging their toilet before going to supper. Said toilet consisting in washing their hands and plucking their boots.

Suddenly a bold rap sounded on the door. Before an answer could be made, the door was opened, and the heavy figure of Ralph Ross stood there.

"Is this Fenton Thorne's room?" he asked, bluntly peering into the dusky apartment.

The Freshman half arose, but Stephen Smith anticipated him, by walking toward the door.

"No, sir, it is not," he said; "I hold priority of claim here, though I am content to share the room with my friend, Mr. Thorne."

"Ah! Thank you. Excuse me, sir; but I have a word or so to say to your friend, Mr. Thorne," and he pushed boldly by and entered the apartment.

Fenton Thorne arose promptly. "I am here, Mr. Ross," he said, quietly.

"So I see, my Freshman friend, but failed to get your apology by post, and have called to get it direct from your lips. In default of which, later, I will appoint with you a day wherein to administer to you a gentle thrashing. Let me hear from you, and be quick about it."

This was said, in the jocose of tones.

"You are a blackguard, Ralph. Ross! Begone from this room!" reported the

Freshman, trembling with passion, and he made a hasty stride forward. But the tall form of Stephen Smith stood promptly between the belligerents.

Foss had quickly thrown himself on the defensive.

"Sh! sh! Fent, my boy, none of this here. As for you, Ralph Ross, I thought you were too old a collegian thus to stir up a brawl."

"I care not; I simply desire to chastise that sleek-faced, moral youth. But as I see I can not do so here, I'll say to him, that I'll be by Roger Williams' Rock at sunset to-morrow afternoon. If he dare show his baby-face there, I'll slap it well for him!"

The Kentuckian's face was red with anger, as he answered, indignantly:

"Compared to you, sir, Fenton Thorne is a stripling; he shall not fight you. But mark you well, Ralph Ross—I will be there."

The bally was somewhat staggered at this; but he quickly recovered himself, and said, with a sneer,

"Very good; if you are anxious for the hours of the birch, do me the kindness to make good your promise."

Without another word, he turned and strode away down the hall.

"I'll not fail you!" muttered Stephen.

Smith, gazing after him.

(To be continued—Continued in No. 44.)

ORPHAN NELL,

The Orange - Girl:

THE LOST HEIR OF THE LIVINGSTONES.

A ROMANCE OF CITY LIFE.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER IX.

IN YOUR JACKS AND A BOWIE KNIFE.

CHAPTER X.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER XI.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER XII.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER XIII.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER XIV.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER XV.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER XVI.

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CHAPTER XVII.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

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CHAPTER XXX.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER XL.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER XLI.

"Will some one go for him?" I asked.

"I'm your man, hoss!" cried a stalwart specimen of humanity, who had been particularly distinguished in the previous melee, using a heavy arm-chair as a weapon with great success upon the heads of his opponents, and away he started.

I turned my attention to the wounded man. At Jones' suggestion, the room was cleared, Joe and I alone remaining. The rest accepted the cordial invitation of Mr. Jones to "licker" down-stairs.

I bathed the old man's head with water, and applied a wet towel to his temples. This had the desired effect, for, in a few minutes, he opened his eyes.

"Where am I?" he asked, in a feeble voice.

"You're among friends, sir," I replied.

"That's so!" cried Joe. "You got an ugly lick onto your head down yonder, an' as the crowd you were hangin' onto bolted without lookin' arter you, we took care on you, though I do think you're a pison old curse."

"My head feels very bad," he said faintly. "I wonder if I am going to die? But I'm not fit to die; I've much to do, much to say, and—"

Here he paused, happening to look up in my face.

"You said your name was Livingstone—but it isn't; you lied to me!"

"You are right," I replied; "quite right, Mr. Browning."

"Ah! you know my name?" and he looked up eagerly in my face as he spoke.

"Yes," I answered.

"Are you a detective in search of me?" he gasped.

"I am a detective and in search of you," I answered, "but not for the purpose which you imagine. I am acting in behalf of the child of Salome Percy."

"Salome Percy," muttered the old man, thoughtfully. "Yes, I remember; the girl from Little Falls that I married in Buffalo to the New Yorker. Ah! it was a foolish marriage for her, poor child."

"Very true, and the child of that marriage—"

"Yes, yes! I know; called Salome, like her mother," interrupted the old man.

"Exactly," I replied; "that girl now suffers, because there is no proof of her mother's marriage."

"No proof!" cried the old minister, suddenly; "yes there is, plenty of proof; the marriage-certificate, the witnesses—all are in Buffalo; all the witnesses are living—I know where they are."

"Will you give me the information so that I can find these proofs?" I asked, eagerly.

"Give? He! he!" and the old man laughed, a cracked, broken laugh. "Give? No one ever gave me any thing! I'll sell it, though."

It was evident that the wretch was recovering. In his helpless condition I should have felt reluctant to use the power I had to force him to comply with my wishes, but now as it was evident that he meant to make the most of the knowledge he possessed, and was not disposed to aid the orphan girl to gain her rights, unless he was well paid, I determined to show him that he was entirely at my mercy.

"You will not give me this information then unless I pay you for it?"

"No!" came dryly from his lips.

"Ah, you think so?"

"I know so," was his answer.

"He's a pison skunk!" muttered Joe, in a not very low tone. "Here you've bout saved his life, an' now he wants to sleep on her. He's pison now, sure?"

The old man paid no more attention to Joe's words than if he hadn't spoken.

"Browning—that's your name, isn't it? Robert Browning?" I said, quietly.

"Yes," he answered, sulkily; "what of it?"

"Well, not much; only I arrest you."

"What?" he cried, with a start. "Arrest me for what?"

"Embezzlement and forgery!"

The old man sank back on the bed, from which he had partly risen, with a groan.

"That were a stunner!" said Joe, looking on with an air of great satisfaction; "time!"

But Mr. Browning showed no disposition to come to "time," as Joe suggested. He was perfectly satisfied with the "round" he had already gone through.

"Are you speaking truth?" asked Browning, in a low, faint voice. "Have you really a warrant for my arrest?"

"Yes," I answered; "you're wanted in Buffalo."

"Blazes, I shouldn't think anybody would want such a sinnin' old cuss as he is anyhow. I wouldn't have his hide for a gift, nohow you could fix it," said Joe, in disgust.

"And if I tell you all I know about the affair you spoke of, will you let me alone? for I haven't a dollar left of the money I run away with, and it will do you no good to take me back." It was plain that the old man was in earnest. I cared nothing for the Buffalo parties; besides, as the old man said, without I could recover the money, what was the use of dragging him back. No, the information, to use against Livingstone, was all I wanted.

"I give you my hand and word I will not press the charge against you, if you will give me the full particulars regarding the marriage of Salome Percy, the birth of her child, and the man she married." I said this to put the old man completely at his ease.

"Very well, then," he said; "I ask for nothing more. I will tell you all I know concerning the affair; but, my head feels strange. Oh! such a pain as I have in my temples!"

Just at this moment in hustled Jones and the doctor, who was a little withered-up man, with a sharp face and little round eyes.

"Good-evening, gents. Been having a little difficulty, eh?" and the doctor commenced to examine the head of the old man, first clipping the hair away from the wound with a pair of small scissors. I noticed that the doctor's face grew grave as he looked at the wound—which was indeed an ugly one—and felt the pulse of his patient.

After a few moments of silent examination, the doctor left the bedside, and drew me into a corner of the room.

"A friend of yours?" he said, inquisitively.

"Well, yes," I answered, after a moment's hesitation.

"He won't live over five hours, sir; may kick the bucket in one; the blow was a very heavy one. If he was a young man an operation might be performed and he might live through it, but he is so old; he's a gone case; five dollars," and the doctor concluded his pithy remarks and held out his hand. I paid the five dollars, much to Joe's disgust.

"Say! You don't make money easy, do you?" was the Spider's remark, addressed to the doctor, who only grunted at the speech and pocketed his five dollars.

"Say!" continued Joe, "if I ever git my head mashed, don't you come within ten foot of me or I'll git right off the bed an' swallow yer hull!" The doctor retorted precipitately.

"He's chain-lightning, he is," said Mr. Jones, referring to the departing doctor; "fust-rate feller; makes a leetle mistake sometimes, they do say, for I hear tell that country, a feller got his leg mashed, an' they called the doctor in, an' in hurry he sawed off the wrong leg—ha! ha!" and the worthy Mr. Jones roared at the idea.

"Did the wounded man feel bad?"

"Wal, he did some, but the doctor did the squar' thing, he bought him a wooden leg an' stood the licker for the crowd." And Mr. Jones took himself off to attend upon his guests below.

I returned to the bedside of the dying man.

"Am I going to die?" he said, suddenly. I was astonished at the question, but before I could think of an answer he spoke again. "I heard what the doctor said; the ears of the dying are sometimes wonderfully quick. Within the last ten minutes I have been thinking over my past life. If I had only been placed differently in the world, and the temptations around me had not been so strong, and I not so weak, I might have led a different life. Ah! here the old man heaved a deep sigh; "the snake is a snake, whether born in a wood or in captivity. It was my fate to do wrong. Now, as the last act of my life, I will do a little good. You are a friend to the child of Salome Percy?"

"Yes," I answered.

"You will see that she has her rights, if I place the proofs in your hands, by which she may obtain them?"

"Yes; that is my solemn duty."

"That is all I ask. Listen, for my story must be short; I feel that I am growing faint."

I brought a chair to the bedside and sat down in it to listen to the story of the dying man.

"In the year 1843," he began, "I was a regularly-ordained minister, in the city of Buffalo, State of New York. One day a gentleman called to see me; he was quite a young man, with light curly hair and dark-blue eyes—eyes that shone as though they were made of polished metal. This man was a New Yorker—a son of one of the oldest New York families. His business with me was of a peculiar nature; he desired me to marry him that night to a young girl, by name, Salome Percy. The marriage was to be a secret one, unknown to his folks and hers. At first, I refused, but the offer of one hundred dollars—money was no object to him—won me to consent. I was poor and weak in honesty; the temptation came, and I yielded. That night I united in marriage Anson Livingstone, of New York City, to Salome Percy, of Little Falls."

"This was in '43?" I said, taking notes.

"Yes; the witnesses to the marriage were Stephen Quirk, my servant, and the grocer who kept in the store, below, by name, James R. Watson. Both of these men are now living in Buffalo, and can testify regarding this marriage, if necessary."

"Then the marriage can be proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt?" I asked.

"Yes. I have the marriage-certificate; but of that I will speak in a little while. Anson Livingstone paid me the hundred dollars, and he and his wife departed. About ten months afterward, I happened to pick up a New York paper, and in it I read a full account of the marriage of Anson Livingstone and Clara Brevoort. I was thunderstruck; my first thought was that Salome his first wife, had died; but, two days after I was surprised by a visit from Salome Livingstone in person. I, of course, give her her husband's name. She was in great distress. She told me that, ever since

her marriage, ten months before, she had lived in Buffalo, her husband being with her part of the time; the rest he spent in New York. They lived happily together, until Anson's father, old Livingstone, happened to discover, from one of his son's friends who was in his confidence, that his son was married. This discovery put the old man in a terrible rage, as he had arranged a match for his son with Clara Brevoort, daughter and heiress of William Brevoort, who was then one of the merchant princes of the great metropolis, and closely connected in business relations with Livingstone. Old Livingstone was a man of few words, but of many deeds; he called his son to him and asked the truth of what he had heard. Anson did not deny his marriage, but confronted his father and braved him. This enraged the old man still more; he said but little, but that little was terrible. He told his son that he had arranged a marriage for him with Clara Brevoort, and that, if he did not marry her, he would cast him upon the world without a shilling. And, not only that, he would use all his influence, all his money, to crush both him and his wife! But if he would marry Miss Brevoort, why, he could easily find his Buffalo wife in ignorance. In fact, coolly proposed that his son should commit bigamy. The son for an instant reflected, and then—consented. The loss of wealth he could not bear; he loved his wife, but he loved gold better; besides, like a great many men, his love for the young girl who had left home and friends, all for him, was not so strong now as in the first few months of married life.

"The Livingstones are a family whose hearts are iron; the steel-blue eye is a true index to their natures—cold and selfish. True to his race, Anson Livingstone came to his young wife, and, acting on her love for him—a wild, passionate love, that worshipped him as its god—he won from her a promise that she would never disturb him in his second marriage. He told her all; only he represented that his father, for a pretended forgery, had power to send him to prison if he refused. She, poor, weak child, knowing but little of the world, believing fully in his word and in his honor, and trembling for his safety, gave the required promise. He went back to New York and was married. Of course I did not know these facts then, and did not learn them until, years afterward, Salome Livingstone, on her death-bed, told me all.

"Her motive for seeking me now was that in a few months she would become a mother. She came to me, the minister who had married her, as she would have sought a father's aid. For once in my life, I did a good action. I aided the friendless girl. Her friends in Little Falls, of course, did not know that she was married. Should she go there in her present condition, of course she must either tell the truth—which would betray her husband's secret—or else expose herself to terrible suspicions. She did not then tell me the reason for keeping her marriage concealed.

"The plan I formed was simple. I was slightly acquainted with George Wilson, her uncle, at Little Falls. I went to him, told of the marriage of his niece with Anson Livingstone—cousin of the Anson Livingstone of New York—represented that her husband had been called away to Europe on business, and was not expected to return for some time; requested that Salome might be allowed to come and stop with him until her husband's return. The honest old farmer consented at once, and I did not then tell me the reason for keeping her marriage concealed.

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PEERLESS PAPER OF THE PERIOD.

Contributors and Correspondents.

We return MSS. BOAT RACE AT CLIFTON; THE FOUR AGES; MY FRIEND KNIGGS' WIFE; A GREAT MISTAKE, AND TEN YEARS AGO.—ALSO, NO CARDS; PRUDENCE BENTON'S GHOST; SUMMER IDYLL; PEACH BRANDY; A MERRY MONSTER.—Will use HOME AMUSEMENTS.—We return WOODCUTTER'S DAUGHTER. Can not write author as requested.—BILL SYKES' YARN is too crude as a composition. Author evidently is young. Will have to learn how to write. MS. returned. Author asks several questions, to which we reply: There are about 40,000 words in a "Dime Novel." Count the words on one page of your MS., and divide it into the sum named, and you will see how much is required. But, judging from the MS. already submitted, the author can not yet write for the series. As to pay, that always is in proportion to the real value of the MS.—Can not use CURZINGS FROM THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.—Ditto, A DUTCHMAN'S IDEA OF THE TELEGRAPH.—We must return THE WHITE ROSES, having an overstock of that kind of matter.—The poem, SLEEPING STATUE, by A. W. B., is very beautiful. Such contributions is a great pleasure to publish.—M. O. B. of Thornton, can not, we fear, write acceptably for the press, judging by his "Inquiry."—We return HEART-SHAPED TRACK. It is good enough for use, but we can not find place for it.—Shall have to say no to SONG, by L. C. G. We have on hand too much good poetry to use what is immature.—Contribution by Tally, is much too crude for print.

S. H. Toronto. Phonography and stenography are usually regarded as one and the same, but there is, in fact, a wide distinction, although a stenographic system may be largely phonetic. See Webster's Dictionary for the distinction. There are several systems of "short-hand" now before the public, but we believe Pitman's Phonography is regarded as a kind of standard.

"Poem." Don't know where copy of "Beautiful Snow" can be had. There are several poems by that name. Harper's Weekly, we believe, claims to have published the original. Beadle's old Monthly Magazine also published a fine original contribution, in some respects better than the Harper poem.

W. J. C., Chicago, sends MS. WOMAN'S LOVE, asks us to write, etc., and to return. MS. not available, and not a stamp. MS. not available. Author will please note our explicit orders. We never preserve MSS. subject to future correspondence and orders.

We are in receipt of returned letters directed by us to Lucas C. Greenwood, Chicago.

Can not use contribution by Wm. L., viz., LIFE MYSTERIES. No stamps, and postage underpaid.

Foolscap Papers.

Training Boys up to Usefulness.

The little matter of training boys up to usefulness amounts to a good deal in the course of a lifetime. Very much depends on how you begin, and how you succeed depends a great deal on how they turn out.

My son Balaam received more training than any other boy of his size. It was always my desire to have that boy turn out to be an honor to his race. I began to raise him on a bottle with a quill in the cork, and if he has since dispensed altogether with the quill it is no fault of mine, but a mere matter of taste with him, I am sure.

I tried to bring him up entirely by hand, but, as I found it was too hard on the hand, I employed switches. But the peach-tree soon gave out from such a constant draw on them, that I felt paternally compelled to buy a cow-hide; so, when his romantic

inclination induced him to run off and play hide-and-seek all day, I entertained him with a little game of cow-hide when he came home at night, which had the cheerful effect of making him extremely active, and strengthening his lungs. By this means I got him so he would mind what I'd tell him whenever he pleased, and it didn't trouble him a bit.

The first time he was in jail I must confess it worried me a good deal, because I had no idea of making a preacher of him, and I didn't like the way he first entered church, which was late at night by a basement window. The worldly police incarcerated him for this act. I didn't like it very much, for it always seemed to me so much like a disgrace to be in jail, unless you are accustomed to it, and then it is not always to be preferred.

When I was very anxious to have him go on an errand, I always went myself; I hated to hurt his feelings, which I wouldn't do for the world, if I could help it.

He was one of the noblest boys perhaps that ever did boy, and I so taught him to mind me that he didn't appear to mind it at all, and when I wanted him to play, all I had to do was to tell him I wanted some wood sawed. He was very smart, and when any one would tell him anything he would immediately answer: "I know better"—he always knew better, and more of it, than anybody else, and even his teacher couldn't teach him anything, and his teacher was considered a smart man.

I naturally felt proud of the boy, which pride was doubled when I looked at other people's boys; and it always made me angry when my wife indulged him in a licking, and she got mad when I indulged him in one.

He was the most familiar child we ever had. He was perfectly familiar with the drawer where my wife kept her market-change; a little too familiar perhaps for the permanence of the change, but then he had such loving ways about him (besides his own way) that, whenever he knocked his mother down with a broom, I could hardly find it in my heart to punish him, any more than by locking him out of the house till nine o'clock at night, where he would have forgotten it by the time he came home and was all right again.

I always had a parental regard for my son Balaam, and, when he forged my name for a hundred and odd dollars, I hadn't the heart to prosecute him—anyway it can't be said that he committed a crime, for he failed to get anybody to take the note, and that was the only time I was pleased not to see my paper go.

I could hardly bear to see that boy out of my sight, and when he spent three years in a business capacity in a state institution for getting out of his mind and getting into a difficulty about the title of a horse, I visited him often, and cautioned him in regard to such mistakes.

Some time afterwards, when he interviewed a judge and twelve gentlemen in a box in regard to a question that was raised as to whom the honor was due for managing a very pecuniary highway-robery, one pleasant evening in June, when the nightingale and every thing else was in tune—the main tune being 1500 dollars, a high tune by the way—they generously pronounced in his favor, and this morning he left, protected by the sheriff with ample papers of recommendation, to seek his fortune in a very trying field of labor. It is almost discouraging for a tender-hearted father to think upon it, and the ministerial business looks bad.

I often think there has been some oversight in my system of training, and I believe if I had other boys to raise I would exert myself to the utmost to make them do as they pleased, whether they liked it or not. Such a course is more likely to prevent those little misunderstandings which would otherwise arise between father and son. I have thought this system would be perfect, and I have suggested it to parents who seemed highly pleased with it, and offered me a large salary to take their own boys and raise them, but, as it would take so much of my time, I have felt obliged to decline.

I believe that boys will be boys until they come to be men or something else, as the case may be.

Never drive them; boys are not mules. They should not have bits in their mouths—not even bits of tobacco. What boys most want is to be let alone and plenty of it. They should not be put to trades until they are 25 or 30, when they will better see the necessity of work and stick to it better. Let them become independent by feeling that they belong to themselves. Don't measure them for a whipping with a rule or ruler—this aggravates them against you. Follow these hints, and if you don't have boys different from your neighbors' you can rub it out and commence over again.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

SAID a young lady friend to me not long

since: "Anna Dickinson lectured in F— a week ago. I wanted to hear her dreadfully, but could not go."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I had no one to go with, and of course I wouldn't go alone," was the reply.

I didn't say "Nonsense," but I thought it.

If there is any thing more absurd

than the idea of a woman staying away

from lectures because she has no escort, I

should like to know it. No matter how much she wishes to hear a lecture, nor how much good it would do her, she must not go, because she has no gentleman friend to go with! I don't think it requires any more strength to enter a lecture-room door without the support of a masculine arm, than it does to enter a church door.

This custom may do very well for the "upper ten thousand," who never lack for friends, but there are in cities thousands of workingwomen, to whom an evening at a lecture would do a world of good, who are now debarred the pleasure because they are alone in the world, and have no husband, brother, lover, or friend, to go with them. In villages, a woman may go out of an evening, independent of the sterner sex, without danger of being molested, or of having her character pulled to pieces by Mrs. Grundy. But in cities all this is changed. It is by no means merely because it is not the custom for women to go unattended, that they stay at home, but because it is not safe for an unprotected female to be abroad after nightfall. This is a high compliment to the chivalrous "protectors" of the weaker sex, and a gentleman must feel it in its most personal sense, I think, when escorting a lady anywhere after nightfall.

And just here occurs to me a question: If woman gets the ballot, will it secure to her the privilege of going alone where she pleases to go, either before or after dark, with safety? I would like to have an answer to this question at an early day.

Custom makes slaves of us all. There is no such thing as freedom. We are bound hand and foot by absurd conventionality, and none of us have sufficient independence to throw off the chains. Will there ever come a time, I wonder, when we shall live for something besides appearances?

Now I have an immense "bump" of independence, and a shocking disregard for conventionalism. And if I had been in my friend's place, I would not have sat weekly in the chimney-corner all the evening, lamenting that I could not go to the lecture. Instead, I would have donned my hat and sacque, put a loaded pistol in my pocket, and gone.

"Strong-minded?" Yes, sir, enough for that!

LETTER ARTLEY IRONSIDE.

THINKING, OR KNOWING.

BEN FRANKLIN once paid dearly for a whistle, and, what did he do about it? Did he go about lamenting the loss of his coppers, and setting people against the seller? Ah, no, but he remembered the foolish bargain, and in after years, when he had gained wisdom in worldly affairs, and had seen how many were "paying too dearly for their whistles," he jotted down his own experience and reflections thereon, in such a pleasant, instructive way, that thousands have read and profited thereby. Well, I am not as wise as Franklin—not at all; but, be my talent one, or one and a fraction, it makes no matter; I have as good a right to profit by experience as he; and if he chained the lightning to put it in service, I will try at least to improve well a little candle-light.

A long time ago, when I was perhaps half my present size, I undertook, on a very windy day, to open a large barn-door. I did open it, and what was more, I hung it to until it had completed its half-circle, which was in an incredible short space of time, when I found myself lying some ten feet from the door, with one knee quite nicely pounded on a stone! I learned considerably in that short air-exursion, and shall leave that for the text of some future talk.

While I was staying in the house to recover the lame limb, I amused myself in watching the operation of a spinning-wheel. After an hour's close watching, I concluded I was a good spinner; could turn the wheel, and pull out, and roll up, and hitch on a fresh roll, and go through with all the formalities, and "do it" well. The time came when I was as good as new; and, one day when the wheel was idle, I spun a little, and you may give me credit for having spun some yarns since, but never from rolls. Let it suffice to say my dignity received quite a blow; I learned then this simple truth, viz.: "thinking you know a thing," and "knowing that you know it" are two distinct things.

There are many who have not yet learned this, and whose assertions are always without qualification. I once handed a friend a paper containing BEECHER'S sketch of a trout-fishing excursion (which, by the way, is an inimitable sketch for naturalism), and his reply upon finishing its perusal was, "anybody that ever went a-fishing could write that!"

I presume Mr. B. will not change his estimate of his own writings, because of this disparaging answer—nor shall I; but I confess to a belief that my friend would think differently, had he a better acquaintance with the pen.

We sometimes hear men praising the fertility and beauty of some section of country remote from their own residence, in style somewhat like this: "Yes, sir! you can buy a farm there, within one mile of a village, with good water, plenty of wood, etc., etc., for less than half what it would cost here."

I generally say to such a one: "Sir, I can not dispute you, as I

have never visited that section; but if

your statement be true, and every thing there is just as good as here, then you are a lucky man, and my ideas of Yankee shrewdness will have to be modified somewhat; for I hold that after the first speculations are over, prices of one portion, as compared with another (taking all things into consideration), will be held at about their proper value."

There is plenty of room for enlargement upon this subject, but we can, and all, by looking about, discover those who have no doubt that they are well fitted to perform things which they have never tried, viz.: who think they can spin as well as anybody.

Of course we have no wish to hinder any one from writing, if they can write well; or from moving, if they can honestly increase their means of happiness and usefulness thereby; or from thinking they are possessed of good business talents, etc.; our advice is, "know" of that which you affirm.

DULL CHILDREN.

THE teacher of a large school had a little girl under her care, who was exceedingly backward in her lessons. She was at the bottom of the class, and seemed to care but little about what passed in it. During the school hours singing was sometimes employed as a relaxation, and noticing this little girl had a very clear, sweet voice, her teacher said to her:

"Jane, you have a good voice, and, you may lead the singing."

She brightened up, and from that time her mind seemed more active. Her lessons were attended to, and she made steady progress. One day, as the teacher was going home, she overtook Jane, and one of her schoolfellows.

"Well, Jane," said she, "you are getting on very well at school; how is it that you do so much better now than you did at the beginning of the half-year?"

"I do not know why it is," replied Jane.

"I know, what she told me the other day," said her companion who was with her.

"And what was that?" asked the teacher.

"Why, she said she was encouraged."

Yes, there was the secret—she was encouraged. She felt she was not dull in every thing; she had learned self-respect, and thus she was encouraged to self-improvement.

TAKING A HIKE, DEERSLAVER,

has embodied more of the true spirit of the forest than this most impressive and thoroughly captivating work of Capt. Adams' pen; and readers of all ages will thank us most sincerely for the pleasure which will follow its perusal.

HOW "THE LIONS" LOOK.

EMERSON looks like a refined farmer, meditative and quiet. Longfellow, like a good-natured beef-eater. Holmes, like a ready-to-laugh little body, wishing only to be "as funny as he can." Everett seems only the graceful gentleman, who has been handsome Beecher, a ruddy, rollicking boy. Whittier, the most retiring of Quakers. Not one of these can be called handsome, except it is Mr. Beecher, who might be a deal handsomer. Mrs. Sigourney, in her prime, was quite handsome. Catherine Beecher is homely. Mrs. Beecher Stowe is said to be so ordinary in looks that she has been taken for Mrs. Stowe's "Biddy." Margaret Fuller was plain. Charlotte Cushman has a face as marked as Daniel Webster's, and quite strong. So has Elizabeth Blackwell. Harriet Hosmer looks like a man. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been a New York belle. Frances O. Osgood had a lovely, womanly face. Amelia F. Welby was almost beautiful. Sarah J. Hale, in her young days, quite

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THIRTY YEARS AGO.

BY CLARENCE E. EDWARDS.

I have wandered back to our home, John. That we left so long ago. When the world looked bright before us; And we knew no woe! nor woe; But the place is sadly changed, John. Since we played by the open door, Or roamed through the lane to the meadow. Some thirty years or more.

I wandered through the orchard, John. To the spring beneath the old elm tree, And I gazed on the distant waters Of the ever-changing sea. And I thought of those happy hours, That we passed on the pebbly shore— Of the happy hours spent in the green wood. Some thirty years or more.

The old "pike" is abandoned, John, And the gate stands open wide, The tollman sleeps in his narrow grave 'Neath the oak on the steep hill-side. The school-house is deserted, John, And the vines creep on the floor, Where we passed our happiest moments. Some thirty years or more.

I am standing in the churchyard, John, Where the graves are thickly strewn, Where sleep the friends of my childhood In their dark and narrow home;

And soon our turn will come, John,

When we must shortly go.

But I hope they'll lay us where we played. Just thirty years ago.

The Fickle Heart; OR, JOHN FAIRFAX'S ROMANCE.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

She was very pretty, John Fairfax thought, with her drooping head, dusky with its close curled hair; the careless, graceful turn of her sloping shoulders as she sat there, at her writing-desk.

John Fairfax was watching her closely; more anxiously, perhaps, than he himself had any idea of; and Bessie Montcalm, all unconscious of the eager scrutiny she was undergoing, wrote on and on.

She was not possessed of those points peculiarly essential to a beautiful woman, but yet I think John Fairfax thought her fairest among all women. Perhaps for twenty minutes there was silence in the elegant room, broken only by the music of Bessie's pen as it glided across the delicate white page. Then the girl looked brightly up.

"Mr. Fairfax, have you any message to send to Julie? I am writing for her to come for the summer."

"None, except to second the cordial invitation you are giving. I hope she will honor us at Fair Mount, by a short visit at least."

"Oh, of course we'll all come over to see you and dear Mrs. Fairfax. I wonder how you'll like Ernest? he's Julie Lampart's oldest brother, you know. I think he's splendid."

A shadow came over John Fairfax's face—a dark, stern face it was, with long black hair; glittering, dark eyes, and a heavy ebon mustache, that gave him a look like a brigand.

Not exactly handsome you would have called him, but Bessie Montcalm, when she had once or twice seen the rare, sweet smile break like a sun-burst over his gloomy countenance, had thought him grand as a god.

He was much older than Bessie, nearly twice as old, and yet he loved her so! With all the warmth of a heart matured in its principles, as well as impulses, with the strength of a character formed and decided on the right side of honor, integrity and goodness.

This was John Fairfax, who was jealous of the mention of a beardless youth coming with his sister to pay a visit to Bessie Montcalm.

No wonder he felt vexed and ashamed of himself that he did not answer her for the minute; then, with his gallant chivalry, endeavored to make amends.

"He must be splendid, Bessie, if he is worthy your admiration. I know I shall like him very much."

"But not as well as Julie, I hope. Oh, Mr. Fairfax, if you only could fall in love with Julie Lampart!"

He could not avoid a smile at her artlessness, while a fierce pain shot through his heart at the evidence she gave of her utter indifference to him.

"And leave you to the tender mercies of Mr. Lampart? I am afraid I should be terribly jealous of him!"

He had not intended it, nor do I think he was conscious of the depth of ardor in his tones; but Bessie glanced up, a flush springing to her fair face, a startled light in her eyes. Then, meeting for a brief instant all the passion in his dark eyes, an involuntary cry burst from her lips.

John Fairfax's dark face flushed a moment; then, getting up from the sofa where he had been lazily reclining, he walked over to Bessie's desk.

"I had not meant to divulge my secret yet, Bessie, but now you know it. I love you more than I can attempt to express; I know my whole being cries out for you, my darling. It is not a new thing, Bessie; this love was born years ago, when you were a girl of fifteen, and I've been waiting ever since, these three long years. Bessie, does my strange love-making frighten you? I only know I love you so, and want you for my own—all my own."

He reached forth his arms, as if he would take her to him, his dark, bright eyes full of expectation, love, hope.

She sat there, her hands idly lying like snow-flakes on the walnut desk; her eyes fixed on his expressive countenance, her lips trembling, her cheeks blooming like a carnation pink.

Gradually she seemed to comprehend it all; then a new luster shone in her eyes, and she cast them down, in sweet, shy confession.

"Don't torture me, Bessie, answer me, if it be no. I pray I may bear it. If you are mine—"

He held out his hand, and then, rising from her chair, Bessie laid both hers in it.

"I am blessed above all men, my own, own darling."

"It is I, Mr. Fairfax, who am blessed; and now," she added, after a sweet silence, "may I send for Julie and Ernest?"

She laughed, and Mr. Fairfax smiled. "I trust you perfectly, my little betrothed. Seal for him."

quiet, almost mournful demeanor; and John Fairfax, with keen pain, saw that all was not right.

They were a merry party at the Montcalm mansion, and the sea house ring and echoed from morn till night with laughter, song, and merry chat.

Julie Lampart, Bessie's chosen friend, was a pretty, engaging girl; her brother, handsome Ernest, her idol; her one dear wish to have Bessie for her sister.

There could scarcely be two persons more different than John Fairfax and Ernest Lampart; both in physical, personal, and intellectual attainments.

Mr. Lampart was handsome, like a picture; Mr. Fairfax reminded one of some grand statue cut in bronze. Ernest was very stylish, very devoted, and fully accomplished all those delicious little flattering attentions that go so far with a woman.

Day after day he and Bessie were thrown constantly together, and, despite the ring on Bessie's finger, I regret to say, Ernest Lampart was trying to win her love. Little by little, she hardly knew how herself, she drifted out of the strong contentment, the sweet, quiet peace she had enjoyed since that hour she realized John Fairfax's strong arm was to stand between her and the wind of the world.

Step by step she grew restless, until, one bright, starry night, when the air was heavy with honeysuckle perfume, she awoke to the consciousness that all this unrest, all this tumult in her soul arose from the fact that she did not love John Fairfax; that she thought she had cared for him while there were no other men with whom, to compare him, but that now, when Ernest Lampart had come with his perfect blonde beauty, his tender, reverential ways, his elegant accomplishments, she said she loved him. So, when the stars were twinkling, and the summer air caressing her hair, and the night sounds coming softly, weirdly to her ear, as she walked in the semi-duskness with Ernest Lampart bending his head so close to her face that his mustache mingled its gold with the scarlet bloom on her cheeks, she told him she loved him. Then, with all a lover's eloquence, he plead that he might remove John Fairfax's ring from her finger, and leave in place thereof a blazing diamond.

Was it wrong? but she allowed him to take off the heavy golden circlet that had been slipped on the little finger while a swift usage!

"Yes! yes! and I never ceased loving you! I am so miserable, you never can know how much! Let me go, please, Mr. Fairfax."

But he had taken both her hands, and was holding them tightly. "Tell me again you will be mine—Bessie!"

"No! no! not after my unworthy, cruel usage! I should not dare."

"But I should dare; and I will dare to claim you, my darling! Mr. Lampart will be enough of a gentleman to return you

organ, and the murmur of thousands of voices.

Annie Evelyn; and I knew she was a poor girl; for two reasons. One was, she dressed very plainly, and had worn the same dress—shall I ever forget it?—every evening; thereby displaying an amount of mortal heroism few pretty girls are capable of. It was a black alpaca, with no overskirt, and very little trimming on the dress. I remember the linen collar, that turned over a necktie of bright green ribbon; the immaculate white apron, ruffled and starched; she evidently had more than one of them, for she wore a fresh one every evening. Sometimes the green ribbon was exchanged for rose-pink, and a light, bright blue; and once she wore a brooch, old fashioned and elegant.

You see I must have watched her very closely; so I did; until I had grown desirous in love with the young girl who earned her dollar an evening by demonstrating the magic powers of a certain newly manufactured yeast-powder.

I remember just how she used to stand there, in the little square niche just big enough to hold her and the barrel of flour she kneaded.

A small gas stove stood before her; her yeast-powders lay near, arranged in tempting array—blue, red, yellow and white papers; her sleeves were rolled a little way up, displaying the plump, white arms.

And there she stood, night after night, making wondrously light biscuits, and tiny loaves of bread, that were free to whoever chose to taste.

I had taken one home, one evening; not daring to desecrate it by eating it, had laid it away, wrapped in silver tissue-paper, and locked in my bureau-drawer.

I think she began to notice my hovering uneasiness; at any rate I detected a merry gleam in those dark-gray eyes more than once; and, to my infinite satisfaction, I saw a sweet, faint blush on her cheeks whenever I walked slowly by, to spend another dollar at the candy-stand, where I usually had to wait several minutes, and from which position I could see her.

I said that on this particular occasion, I was aware, I have the charge of the yeast-powders during the evenings, at the Rink; someone has been infringing on my rights by starting an opposition article, directly beside me, without, I understand, proper permission. What shall I do? Harry—I mean, Mr.—I mean a gentleman told me I had best consult a lawyer."

A mischievous light was dancing in her eyes, while her lips were gray and closed.

I had not failed to note the sarcastic emphasis on the words "you are aware," and now, bearded in my den, I resolved to make the best of it, even if she did mention "Harry" with such charming hesitation.

"Yes," I returned, gravely, with the air of one who is about to impart learned advice; "I understand, Miss Evelyn, all you wish to say; my advice is, just give up your stand to the new opponent."

Her wide-open eyes were steadily reading my grave face.

"Give it up."

"A moment, Miss Evelyn," I interrupted her with. "I know of a better position you could fill; one that offers every inducement; that can produce the best references. In a word, Annie Evelyn, I want you to know that I am in love with you. You must have known it all this while. Don't be angry because the first time I ever spoke to you, I tell you this."

I was standing before her, my hands lying on the back of my chair; and she stood there, flushing and paling, her eyes bent to the carpet.

"Annie—you are not unwilling to listen? Oh, don't you see it in my face, in my eyes, how I love you? Let me call you 'my darling,' mayn't I?"

I touched her hand, plump and warm, with the life bounding so gladly in her veins, while I stood, shocked at my own temerity, hoping and fearing. But it wasn't for long; those glorious eyes looked up, after a second.

"It does seem strange; but, strange things are true sometimes." It is true this time, Mr. Etherton."

"Then let me hear your sweet lips call me by my name, and tell me this strange truth, Annie, darling."

Like a low murmur if came, yet I distinctly heard it.

"I am half-mortified to tell it, Charlie, but I do love you."

How glorified that dull office seemed, even after she left it, and as I started for home in time to meet sister Mame and her friend at half-past three, I was thinking how entirely fruitless would be my dear, designing mother's attempts on me.

I met her at the front door, her face half-smiles, half-sorry frowns.

"She has come, Charlie, and as pretty and graceful as a fairy. But, Charlie, there's no use, she's engaged!"

I half-laughed at mother's dolorous expression.

"Well, for that matter, so am I, and I'll guarantee my Annie's as pretty as she. Just wait, mother; I'll bring her up."

An anxious look came to her face, as she looked in mine, but she said but little.

"I hope blessings will follow my only boy, whoever is his bride. But, come to the parlor, the girls are waiting."

She opened the door preparatory to a grand polite introduction, and the graceful guests turned toward me, as Mame arose.

"Why—why—is this?"

"Miss Lawton; my son, Mr. Etherton."

I saw her smile roughly.

"Yes, Annie Evelyn Lawton, Mrs. Etherton. This gentleman is my betrothed husband."

How can I explain the surprise, the delight? The gratulations, the explanations that followed, when Annie, in her sweet way, told how she had taken charge of a certain department at the Fair, to accommodate a sick friend, who could ill afford to lose the remuneration. At first, the task was mere duty; after, she learned to enjoy it, particularly after I had grown to watching her; and many was the pleasant joke she and that brother Harry I hated so had enjoyed at my expense.

Then, when the time drew near for her visit to Mame, she had gone to my uncle's office to see if he knew of a substitute; as I was there, she was obliged to invent an errand, which we both think she has succeeded in, most admirably.

And, when we are married and housekeeping, which will be before the American Institute holds its next annual exhibition, you may depend upon it, I shall patronize especially those blessed yeast-powders, by which I so successfully rose to the position of Annie Evelyn Lawton's husband.

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Cupid at the Rink.

BY PAUL DUROC.

A SWEET-FACED girl, with merry gray eyes, that seemed dancing to the joyous music of her red, full lips, as she stood there, talking and laughing to the gentleman who was watching her.

It was very quiet, and not a little lonely at the country side in those days; true, there came letters weekly, and there went letters weekly; true, Mr. Fairfax came over every day; drove Bessie and her sisters, or walked wherever they wished to go; there were dinners at Fair Mount, but yet, for all, in Bessie Montcalm's heart was a deep, deep aching.

What was it? why was it? only to her own fickle heart dared she whisper the secret that was gradually sapping the pinks from her cheeks, the first-time joyous light from her eyes.

Every one about the house observed her

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THE BETTER FUTURE.

BY L. B.
Oh, do not be discouraged,
Nor pine away and fret;
The clouds are passing over,
Hope's sun is shining yet.

Although the world seems dreary,
Our hearts are filled with care,
We ever should remember,
It a brighter over there.
Though God has taken from us
The friends we dearly loved;
We hope again to meet them
In glory bright above.
Our path is hard and thorny,
And wearisome the way,
Yet God is ever o'er us,
To guide us night and day.
As we are moving onward
Through life, with toil and care,
So let us all remember,
'Tis better over there.
And when grim death may call us
To bid our spirits come,
Oh, let us be contented
To enter in our home.

RED ARROW,

The Wolf Demon:
OR,
THE QUEEN OF THE KANAWHA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "Aces of Spades," "Scorlet Hand."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE VENGEANCE OF THE RENEGADE.

All was bustle in the Indian village, for word had gone forth to make ready for the war-path! Gaily the braves donned the war-paint, and sharpened the scalping-knives and the glistening tomahawks.

Girty had been summoned to the lodge of Ke-ne-ha-ha.

The great chief of the Shawnee nation, smarting over his failure to destroy the dreaded Wolf Demon, panted eagerly for the opportunity to lead his warriors against the pale-faces.

Girty recounted to the chief all that he had learned regarding the strength of the settlers—knowledge that he had gained in his recent scout to the other side of the Ohio.

The chief listened with a gloomy brow. His plan to surprise the whites had failed.

"Since we can not creep upon them like the fox, our attack shall be like the swoop of the eagle," Ke-ne-ha-ha said, at length.

"The chief will attack Point Pleasant first?" Girty asked.

"Yes; we will cross the Ohio above the pale-face lodges; then my warriors shall form a circle around the long-knives, reaching from river to river. The circle shall be a line of fire, breathing death to the pale-face that dares to attempt to cross it."

"And the expedition will move to-night?"

"Yes; I have dispatched my fleetest runners to my brothers, the Wyandots and the Mingoes, telling them that the war-hatchet is dug up, and that, like the storm-cloud, the red-men are about to burst in arrows of fire upon the pale-faces, and drive them from the land that the Great Spirit gave to the Indian."

"I will prepare at once for the expedition," Girty said, in savage glee, his soul gloating over the prospect of slaughter. Then he withdrew from the wigwam.

As Girty proceeded in the direction of his own lodge he met Kendrick.

"Blood ahead, hey?" Kendrick said, as they met.

"Yes; to-night we take up the line of march."

"And where are you going now?"

"To see my captive."

"What are you going to do with the gal?"

"Make her my prey," Girty said, and a look of savage triumph came over his dark face as he spoke.

"That's your vengeance, hey?"

"Yes. What wrong can rankle more keenly in the breast of General Traveling than the knowledge that his cherished daughter is my slave, the creature of my will?" said Girty, fiercely.

"You're a good hater," Kendrick said, with a grin.

"Yes, or my hate would not have lasted all these years. Why, man, I hate this Traveling as bitterly now as I did years ago when the lashes cut into my back. I swore once that I would have his life, but that is poor and pitiful vengeance compared to that I have heaped upon his head. First I stole his eldest daughter—then a child—and left her to perish in the forest, and now I have taken his other daughter from him. The second blow is worse than the first, for death is far better than the fate that is in store for Virginia."

"I suppose you'll let him know in some way of what you've done?" Kendrick said.

"He already knows that the death of his eldest daughter lies at my door; knows, too, that I have carried off this one, but he does not yet know the fate that I have marked out for her," Girty replied.

For a moment Kendrick was silent; then he suddenly broke into a loud laugh. "Why do you laugh?" asked Girty, in astonishment.

"You've fixed this matter out all straight, hasn't you?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Oh! why can I not die at once?" she murmured, in despair.

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with great difficulty, and white froth began to gather at the corners of his mouth.

The two scouts looked upon the pain-distorted face of their companion in horror.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" exclaimed Boone.

"Can't you guess? don't you see it in my face?" Lark gasped, in torture. "I am going mad."

"Mad!" cried both the scouts, and they receded a step or two in horror.

"Yes, mad," moaned Lark, in agony. "I can feel the madness creeping over me; it's me to a tree, else I may injure you or myself."

"I'll do it!" cried Boone, impulsively.

"Come, Kenton, give me a hand!"

Then the two carried the helpless man to the foot of a stout oak that grew by the side of the clearing.

With thongs cut from Lark's hunting-shirt they bound him securely to the tree. They placed him in an upright position against the trunk of the oak.

"There, can we do any thing else for you?" asked Boone, after the tying had been completed.

"No, except to remain near at hand and watch me. The attack will not last long," Lark replied. It was with great difficulty that he spoke at all.

The scouts withdrew a short distance, and sitting down in the bushes, watched their friend that they had bound so securely.

The moonbeams came down full on the head of the bound man—upon the massive head that drooped so listlessly upon the shoulder.

For full ten minutes Boone and Kenton watched and Lark gave no sign of life.

Face and figure seemed alike a part of the tree.

"I say, kurnel," said Kenton, in a cautious whisper, "what do you think of it?"

"Well, I don't know," replied Boone, slowly; "it's a most wonderful affair. That critter should be able to tell a forehand that he was going to have a mad spell and want himself tied up. Why, I never heard of any thing like it."

"He ain't moved yet," said Kenton, still watching Lark, intently.

"P'haps he ain't going mad after all?" suggested Boone.

"Or, it may be that he ain't quite right in his mind now, and the idea of his going mad is only one of the strange fancies that sick people have sometimes?" queried Kenton.

"That's sound sense," rejoined Boone, thoughtfully.

Then a slight movement of Lark's head put a stop to the conversation of the two scouts, and eagerly they watched the man bound so tightly to the tree-trunk.

Lark raised his head, slowly. By the light of the moonbeams, the two watchers could plainly see that it was deathly pale. But they also noted a change in the face. The eyes, which before had been lusterless and half-closed, were now opened wide, and, seemingly, strained to their fullest extent. They glared like eyes of fire—shone more like the eyes of a wild beast than the orbs of a human.

"Look at his eyes!" said Boone, in a cautious whisper.

"They look as if they would pierce through a fellow," observed Kenton, in a tone of awe.

Carefully and searchingly Lark glared around him as if to discover whether he was watched or not.

Then he essayed to move from the tree, but the bonds that bound his hands and feet to the tree-trunk restrained him.

In amazement, Lark looked down upon the fetters that impeded his action.

"His memory's clean gone," said Boone, in Kenton's ear.

"I do believe he is mad now," observed Kenton, in a tone of conviction.

"Yes, but look at him."

Lark was carefully surveying the bonds that bound him to the tree.

A moment or two his eyes glared upon the leathern fetters, and then, with a desperate effort, he essayed to break them.

The veins on his forehead knotted and swelled as he tugged with almost superhuman strength, but the effort was useless. He could not free himself.

"Jerusalem! ain't that strength there?" muttered Boone, as he watched the tension of the thongs.

"They're going to hold him, though," replied Kenton, eagerly watching the strange scene.

Again Lark glared around him and again he tried to burst the bonds that bound him.

The thongs cut into the flesh of the wrists, but he seemed not to heed the pain. Every muscle in his huge frame was brought into play.

Another mighty effort and the leathern thong burst as if it had only been a band of straw!

"Talk about a giant—did you see that thoug go?" exclaimed Boone, in a guarded tone, to Kenton.

"He snapped it like a pipe-stem."

No look of triumph appeared upon Lark's face as he felt that his hands were free—only the look of fierce, settled determination.

Again he glared around the little opening, as if in search of watchers; then he proceeded to untie the lashings that bound his feet to the tree.

In a few minutes the thongs dropped to the ground, and Lark was liberty.

He stepped from the side of the oak, and drew himself up proudly in the moon-

beams, as if rejoicing that he was free. All traces of his former feebleness had disappeared.

The two scouts watched his movements with anxiety.

Lark, pausing in the center of the little opening, fumbled for a moment at his girdle.

"He's looking for a we'pon," said Boone, in a whisper.

"Yes, it looks like it," replied Kenton.

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Capt. "Bruin" Adams.

BY RALPH KINGWOOD.

The life history of truly representative American men reads like wild romance. The story, for instance, of Boone, Kenton, Crockett, the Wetzel Brothers, the Bradys, Sam Dale, etc., etc., never fails to arrest attention. So of Old Put, Mad Anthony Wayne, Waggoner, Morgan, Marion, etc., etc. And so, in more recent times, of Kit Carson, Fremont, Old Grizzly Adams, etc., etc.

In the case of "Old Grizzly" we have a striking illustration of the perpetuation of family traits of character, since, in his nephew, Capt. J. F. C. Adams, city born and bred, educated and qualified for a profession, we find the same passion for the family coming on, strongly as to impel the young and splendidly promising young man to cast aside the civilization of the East for the companionship and wild life of his father's long absent brother in the vast wilderness of the West. Named, by his father, after their old family friend, the great author, Fenimore Cooper, the boy early was fascinated with a love of the forests, and in his youth dreams longed for companionship of the noble "Pathfinder" and "Deer Slayers." These dreams were more than castles in the air, for they became, at length, well formed purposes.

When young Adams heard of the fame of his uncle, as a hunter and Indian-fighter, his "disaster" was cast, and suddenly he disappeared much to the amazement of his mother and friends generally. A note addressed to his father simply said: "I have gone on a visit to Uncle Grizzly," and for months thereafter, not a word came to indicate his whereabouts. But, at length, Old Grizzly's name was coupled with that of another—his inseparable companion, in whom it would have been difficult to recognize the New York city student but whose hunters tramped the mountains and solitudes of the West knew to be a nephew of Old Grizzly, both by the love between the two men and by their inseparable association in all their wild, adventurous life.

In a year's time, after young Adams' disappearance from the East, his name was almost as well known in the West as that of "Old Grizzly," and numerous were the "yarns" I heard by the camp-fire of the deeds performed by the two extraordinary men, singly or together.

It became necessary, on one of their scouts, to learn the intentions of a large war-party of Sioux who were in their village preparing for a foray. "Bruin" Adams undertook the difficult task. He invaded the village after night, gained a position beside the council-house, and was soon able distinctly enough of their language to learn their destination. In his retreat he got among the horses, creating a stampede, was instantly surrounded by a dozen warriors, but succeeded in cutting his way through, leaving half their number upon the ground, dead or wounded.

Again, while scouting alone, he was set upon by two warriors, both noted braves of the tribe. The fight was long and bloody, but he succeeded, after being badly wounded, in disposing of both, killing one, and actually bringing in the other a prisoner.

During a heavy snow-storm on the Sierras, he became separated from Grizzly Adams, and wandered far out of the way. At nightfall he stumbled upon an Indian camp of four warriors, situated in a deep ravine, lighting no fire, and it was fully dark when—according to Old Grizzly's version of the affair—"Jesse went for them red-skins' hair-wens'n a hull nest o' bob-tail wildcats," or, in other words, he gained a position in short range, suddenly opened fire from his six-shooter, and, in less time than I have taken to tell it, he was in quiet possession of a comfortable camp, where he was found next morning by Old Grizzly.

In one of his scouts he struck a fresh trail, and, following it, he came up with the celebrated scout and guide, Kit Carson, who was himself trailing a party of Blackfeet who had stolen his favorite horse.

Together they pursued, came up with the Indians, seven in number, and completely routed the party, and recovered the horse.

This was the beginning of a friendship between the two that lasted until the great scout's death. Carson always spoke of the young man's extraordinary courage and skill in the highest terms.

If space permit, I could give numberless instances such as the above.

At length I had the great pleasure of meeting the young hunter, and had an opportunity of personally judging his prowess in battle. A detailed account of our conflict was given in a previous number of the Journal, and I need not repeat it here. Suffice it to say, that "Bruin" Adams, on that occasion, fully sustained his wide reputation as a skillful and fearless Indian-fighter.

Making the acquaintance of "Bruin" Adams, under such circumstances, a week has passed, and I have formed that has continued until the present day. During the remainder of that season, uncle and nephew remained with our party, but we finally separated, much to my regret. Old Grizzly and the young hunter striking out into the unexplored regions to the westward, while we returned to a frontier post to prepare for the next year's hunt.

But I did not, by any means, lose track of my friend.

Now from the snowy regions of the Far West; then from the rich valleys of the Pacific's slope, and again from some newly-discovered gold field, I heard of him and his exploits. In the



CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.

Nephew of the Celebrated Old Grizzly Adams, the Bear-tamer of the Rocky Mountains and author of the Celebrated Story of Nick Whiffies in the Nor'-West, entitled:

THE PHANTOM PRINCESS; OR, NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER.

To commence in our next issue, No. 46,

course of the next ten or twelve years, I met him, perhaps, a half dozen times, on each occasion with renewed pleasure, as he seemed to gain something new to claim in the train. During all this time "Bruin" Adams was leading, perhaps, the most remarkable life of adventure that ever fell to the lot of any human being.

I doubt if there was a square mile of country from Clark's river to the gulf that he had not traveled, hunted or fought over.

I was at Santa Fe when I heard of the death of Old Grizzly, learning at the same time that "Bruin" Adams was then in the city of Mexico, whether he had gone on some important mission.

The following year the war broke out, and I at once started for the States, going in by way of St. Louis.

Here a most agreeable surprise awaited me.

In the office of the Planter's House, I met—once more—my friend "Bruin" Adams, who, like myself, was hastening to offer his services to his country.

He served throughout the war with distinguished success, and, at its close, he returned to his home town, a wealthy planter.

During the war his father had died, and young Adams found himself possessed of a comfortable fortune, together with the old homestead on the banks of the Seneca Lake.

Here, at his own request, I visited him, and spent the most delightful three months of my life, comparing notes and "fighting our battles over again."

In this way I first became aware of my friend's remarkable power of description—his "tact," as we commonly phrase it.

Of one character whom he had met, he was particularly enthusiastic—an old trapper, a true representative of that class of men and of whom he related many stirring incidents. I suggested the idea of his making this man the leading character of a story of Wild Life, such as he was so well qualified to write, and, after considerable persuasion, he finally consented.

With the same energy that marks every action of his life, he entered upon the work, and before leaving him, he submitted to my inspection a story of extraordinary interest and power, replete with incidents of the most startling nature, etc., etc.

This manuscript I placed in the hands of the editors of this paper, who, like myself, seeing its extraordinary merit at once secured not only it but also that the Hunter-Author may produce Readers of Wild Wood Romance will find in Captain Adams a worthy successor to his great namesake's fame, as the power of delineation betrayed in the "Phantom Princess," will most fully demonstrate.

BEAT TIME'S NOTES.

THERE are some who think that because insanity has been hereditary among members of our family, I am, so to speak, in a state of mind that will fit me to become a superintendent of a lunatic asylum. Nothing of the sort. Such a thing is practically impossible from the fact that my brain (a physician said it was very large, but remarked that he couldn't tell its exact location; so, from that I infer I am all brain) is so evenly balanced. My wife says there is no greater or finer gift than to have all her applications of skills have failed to effect anything like a mental derangement that is anyways noticeable. As long as a man feels smarter than anybody else he's safe. I'm safe.

"Too much prosperity makes a man a fool!" Ah, then, who would wish to be wise?

No matter how deep in adversity a man be, he always thinks there is something better for him, and no matter how favored a man may be, his neighbor always thinks there is something worse for him.

It is cruel to have your butcher bill your meat, and then refuse to meet your bill.

A PHRENOLOGIST who was kicked by a mule, says he was much struck by its agility.

In the slow process of bygone ages that succeeded each other alternately, an infinitesimal grain of conscious sand leisurely lying on the shore of the Atlantic, following the course of its destiny, grew up to be the celebrated Plymouth Rock. It was not the destiny of our Plymouth fathers to land any place else. True, the landing was better on either side of it, but how perfectly absurd it would be to say that they landed to the north of Plymouth Rock or at Coney Island? It is doubted that the rock could have held them all, but such doubts are poisonous. On that rock they set the Plymouth pulpit and unpacked their furniture, of which they had so much they might well be considered our earliest furniture dealers.

If that rock had not been so honored, it would have been forgotten in the trough where it would have come to naught? And oh, my friends, while you paint the names of your patent medicines upon that rock, do not wholly obliterate it; and I earnestly entreat you to make your letters a little better, or that will surely be the rock upon which we will split.

BEAT TIME.